

A New Chapter in Fascinating Story of the Hamersley Millions

Lord William Beresford's Death Brings Lord and Lady Marcus Into Possession of His Fortune, Including American Country Estate

THROUGH circumstances so strange as to furnish a fascinating theme for novelists and playwrights, Lord Marcus Beresford, Royal Equerry and manager of King George's racing stud, quite recently has been owner of an American country place at Fort Salonga, Suffolk county. It formerly belonged to Commodore Ciceró Price of the United States navy, who bequeathed it to his only child, Lily, famous for her beauty. At the time of his death she was the wife of Louis Hamersley of New York. Her husband, a lineal descendant of Sir Hugh Hamersley, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1627, was a man of great wealth which was mainly in the form of real estate in New York. Her ample means enabled her to spend large sums of money in beautifying her childhood home, which had come to her father through his marriage with a Miss Warren.

When Louis Hamersley died without issue he left to his widow the enjoyment of the income of his entire big fortune for her life irrespective of her remarriage, but conditional upon her remaining a Protestant. The property was to revert to the two children of his cousin, the late James Hooker Hamersley at her death. As Louis Hamersley had not been accounted a particularly bigoted churchman the clause depriving his widow of any benefit from his estate in the event of her becoming a convert to Roman Catholicism excited a considerable amount of surprise among those of his intimate friends, who were aware of the license aversion which he had conceived for a priestess then living in New York. This priestess was the late Mrs. Capel, portrayed to the life by Lord Beaconsfield in his popular novel "Lothair," under the transparent pseudonym of "Mrg. Catesby."

Capel's Famous Eloquence.
Capel, who died a few years ago on a ranch in California in the utmost oblivion, had come to America preceded by the fame of the number and importance of his conversions in England. It was said that his eloquence and powers of persuasion were well-nigh irresistible. For a couple of seasons he was all the rage here. People raved about him, he was invited everywhere, and when Hamersley found that he was called upon to meet him daily from one week end to the other he developed a strong prejudice against him. This became more acute when he found that his wife had invited him to their house and had become much impressed by the celebrated proselyter's charm of manner and of oratory. By degrees his aversion to Capel became a positive obsession, and if he inserted the anti-Catholic clause in his will it was not from any religious principles but because he desired to deprive his wife, to whom he was profoundly devoted, from ever falling under the spiritual sway and influence of a man whom he hated so much as Mr. Capel.

After several years of widowhood Mrs. Louis Hamersley was married at City Hall June 22, 1888, to the late and eighth Duke of Marlborough, who had been divorced five years previously under sensational circumstances. Although the former Mrs. Hamersley had had nothing whatsoever to do with his divorce—she had only met him for the first time three months before she married him—yet for the reason that she had accorded her hand to him she was called upon to encounter a great deal of hostility on the part of English society, hostility engineered by his first wife, sister of the late Duke of Abercorn, and her family, the Hamiltons, who form one of the most influential clans in Great Britain.

The New Duchess Outraged.
It cannot be denied that the Duke, in spite of his rank, his lineage and his brilliancy—he was a most gifted man—was subjected to severe ostracism in consequence of the treatment of his first wife and of the capital made by her relatives of her sufferings. His American Duchess, solely because she had married him, was called upon to share this ostracism and it was not until after his death when she had taken to herself a third husband, Col. Lord William Beresford, V. C., that she at length was welcomed into the English great world and permitted to become a favorite in London society. She was a very devoted and generous wife to the Duke while he lived. She lavished her Hamersley income in restoring to Blenheim Palace much of its former splendor, incidentally providing it with several acres of new roofing, and relieved him of all his former financial embarrassments. But it may be doubted whether she really ever had a happy hour in England until she contracted what was

in every sense of the word a love match with gallant Bill Beresford, a Victoria Cross hero and a universal favorite. Before they had been married two years she gave birth to a son, who was christened William Warren de La Poer Beresford. Four years later she became for the third time a widow and from that time forth until her death almost a decade afterward she devoted every penny that she could save from her income to the building up of a fortune for her boy, in whom she was completely wrapped up.

Accumulated \$5,000,000 for Boy.
She knew that at her death her income would cease and would revert to her first husband's cousins, young Louis Gordon Hamersley and his sister Catherine, now Mrs. Samuel Nielson Hinkley of New York, and that my provision made for her son would have to be derived from the savings of her revenues and from her life insurance, which was for a large amount. Thanks to this characteristically maternal forethought and precaution she was able on her demise just ten years ago to leave to him a fortune amounting to close upon \$5,000,000. She vested the management of the property for the duration of his minority in the two favorite brothers of her husband, Charles, the sailor, and Marcus, the racing man, and also appointed them as his guardians.

The choice, although questioned at



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

the time, proved the soundness of her judgment. For although Lord Charles—now Admiral Lord Beresford—was so much away at sea or travelling abroad on official or semi-official missions that he was unable to give much attention to the lad, who did not quite hit it off with the brilliant and gifted but somewhat troublesome Lady Charles—yet he found a very happy home with Lord and Lady Marcus Beresford. He returned their kindly care and devotion to his wife with the utmost affection and when he died the other day, more than a year after attaining his majority and coming into his fortune his wisely administered and considerably augmented fortune it was found that save for an annuity of \$5,000 to his uncle Charles, and hand-

Queer Money in Mexico

FOR some years past Mexico has been extensively engaged in the agreeable pastime of making money. More than two billion dollars worth of engraved certificates have been issued since the revolutionary troubles set in. The notes are given the curious name "billemibques," which is only a Mexican effort to pronounce the American name "William Weeks." This William Weeks was once a syndicator who used to give orders to the printers for small sums to carry them along until next they aligned themselves before the cashier's window. The local merchants would accept the notes with the signature of the accommodating paymaster as good currency, and they were named "billemibques." By a simple transition the term came to be applied to the revolutionary paper money.

First, it is said, Carranza manufactured paper to the nominal value of \$900,000 pesos, and those bills were accepted for a time at about three-



LORD MARCUS BERESFORD



LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD

some bequests to his tutor, to his old nurse, and to his valet, he had left everything that he possessed to his uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Marcus, the property including his mother's country place in Suffolk county, New York. It may be added that Lady Marcus is specifically mentioned in the will. On her death and that of her husband, the property of which they are to have full enjoyment and control during their respective lives is to go to the testator's cousins, the young Marquis of Waterford, chief of the entire Beresford family, and to his brothers and sisters.

Lord Marcus's Career.

Lord Marcus, now in his seventy-first year, has become portly, sports a mustache and bears but little resemblance to the thin, lean faced, clean shaven and extremely horsey looking soldier—always punctiliously groomed—a quarter of a million notes on scraps of wrapping paper. The printer saw an opportunity to favor his own personal pocket; he struck off thousands of notes on his own account, and then loaned the apparatus to various friends, who followed his example.

The newspapers had it that Villa shot the printer; but the notes were out and the mischief had been done. Moreover, one rebel Captain after another hit upon the idea of financing his campaign by means of the printing press and the die, with the result that in many parts of Mexico at one time a square meal cost \$100. The new Secretary of the Treasury, at last accounts, had taken steps to restore the old and more stable system of monetary values.

extra equerry with special charge of his personal stables, of his horse breeding establishment at Sandringham and of his racing stud. This position Lord Marcus retained after Edward VII. had come to the throne and he has been continued therein by King George, his clubs being the Turf—which is the favorite club of the present Prince of Wales—and the Marlborough, a creation of Edward VII.

Curiously enough, Lord Marcus has never belonged to the Jockey Club, although he was for so long its official starter. He seems to have felt that his position as the paid manager

Jazz at Luna Park

THE jazz renaissance, stimulated by the late Jim Europe and the leaders of many of the army bands, is now at its height at Luna, Coney Island, where "Buddie's" Castle House Jazz Band is filling the expansive ballroom with the indigenous American dislocated music, the impossibility of imitating which has driven members of famous symphony orchestras to the verge of artistic suicide. Instead of playing from the orchestral choir as heretofore a dais of the Louis Quinze period has been fabricated in media, as it were, that is to say, in the middle of the spacious floor on which the dusky kings of music jazz while the merry devils whirl around the throne of jazziness. And when the courtly orchestra be-

comes exhausted sherbets are served and—well, the dancing is free to all, but the worshippers would be as multitudinous if the largess were insatiable by the master of ceremonies. This feature and the fifty other attractions are making this the greatest year in the history of Luna, and since this big resort is the "Heart of Coney Island," that great playground of the country, may well be considered as prosperous. There are rides after rides in Luna, and if one desires to acquire the NC-4 feeling it is the place to visit. The Captive Aeroplanes give it, and the Whip, the Honeycomb Express, the Chutes, the Red Mill, the Witching Waves, the Luna Ride, the Gyroplane, the Coal Mine, Treat 'Em Rough, the Virginia Reel—oh, what's the use—twenty-five different varieties make Luna the Rideland of the world.

Lord Marcus, being a younger son of a rather numerous family, never had enough money to have a racing stable of his own. The entire fortune of his family were bound up in his chestnut, his eldest brother, the late Marquis of Waterford, grandfather of the present schoolboy peer and owner of the Beresford ancestral home of Curraghmore in County Waterford.

His brother Charles, the Admiral, married an heiress in the person of Miss, daughter of the late Richard Gardner, M. P. for Leicester, while his brother Bill, otherwise Lord William Beresford, married money as well as beauty in the Hamersley Dowager Duchess of Marlborough. The youngest brother, Lord Delevale Beresford, after making his home during many years in the Province of Sonora, Mexico, was killed in a railroad accident in Canada in 1906. He left a considerable fortune, concerning which there was a good deal of litigation after his death, owing to the claims of an alleged wife. But the fortune had been of his own making in raising cattle for the market.

Lord Marcus, alone of the Beresford brothers, never had any money to speak of, was frequently in financial straits, and when at length he did marry, in 1895, it was not to an heiress or to a wealthy widow, but to a very fascinating divorcee who was quite as impetuous as himself—indeed, even more so.

Lady Marcus is a daughter of Gen. Charles Ridley, C. B., of the family of which the Viscount Ridley is the chief, and was celebrated for her striking beauty. She married in 1870 Col.

venge and personal prejudices and it was not until quite recently that Lord d'Abernon, after being repeatedly "pilled," was able to secure election, although he had maintained a fine racing stable and had been an enthusiastic patron of the turf during more than a quarter of a century.

Never Had Own Stable.

Lord Marcus, being a younger son of a rather numerous family, never had enough money to have a racing stable of his own. The entire fortune of his family were bound up in his chestnut, his eldest brother, the late Marquis of Waterford, grandfather of the present schoolboy peer and owner of the Beresford ancestral home of Curraghmore in County Waterford. His brother Charles, the Admiral, married an heiress in the person of Miss, daughter of the late Richard Gardner, M. P. for Leicester, while his brother Bill, otherwise Lord William Beresford, married money as well as beauty in the Hamersley Dowager Duchess of Marlborough. The youngest brother, Lord Delevale Beresford, after making his home during many years in the Province of Sonora, Mexico, was killed in a railroad accident in Canada in 1906. He left a considerable fortune, concerning which there was a good deal of litigation after his death, owing to the claims of an alleged wife. But the fortune had been of his own making in raising cattle for the market.

Lord Marcus, alone of the Beresford brothers, never had any money to speak of, was frequently in financial straits, and when at length he did marry, in 1895, it was not to an heiress or to a wealthy widow, but to a very fascinating divorcee who was quite as impetuous as himself—indeed, even more so.

Lady Marcus is a daughter of Gen. Charles Ridley, C. B., of the family of which the Viscount Ridley is the chief, and was celebrated for her striking beauty. She married in 1870 Col.

His Bequest a Touching Tribute to Uncle and Aunt in Whom His Whole Life Was Bound Up Through Strange Circumstances

Henry Kingscote of the Royal Artillery, from whom she was divorced a couple of years later, becoming immediately afterward the wife of the correspondent in the case, namely, Capt. Charles F. Buller of the Royal Horse Guards.

This was a most unfortunate union. For Charlie Buller, celebrated in his day for his wonderful prowess as a cricketer and as the handsomest man of his regiment, had run through all his money in wild and reckless extravagances, which had included his taking an extraordinarily pretty woman from behind the counter of Truett's hairdressing establishment on Bond street and launching her under the name of "Mabel Grey" as one of the most feted queens of the London half-world (the associate of Cornelia Pearl of Paris, and of the Philadelphia born Hattie Blackford, alias "Fanny Lear," of every Continental capital), eventually to die in childbed at Petrograd as the wife of a well known and multimillionaire Russian Prince.

Finally Paris became impossible for them, they returned to London, and there Lord Marcus Beresford, who had long been devoted to Mrs. Buller and who was distressed beyond measure by the sufferings which she had been called upon to endure since becoming Buller's wife, sought to befriend them. Buller fell lower and lower and finally it was arranged that he should permit his wife to sue him for divorce; that he would offer no defence in the case, and that on the decree "Nisi" being made absolute, Mrs. Buller should become Lady Marcus Beresford. The divorce was pronounced in due course against Charlie Buller. But he was a too notorious character. His reputation was too unfavorably known, and before the decree could be made absolute the Queen's Proctor intervened and caused it to be annulled on the ground of collusion. Nor was it until some years later, after Charlie Buller had drunk himself to death, that Lord Marcus was able to wed the widow.

Now Lady Marcus, although quite alive to the sympathy of a number of women of great social prominence, even in the circle of the reigning family, was aware that in view of the sensational character of her appearance in the Divorce Court, first as Mrs. Kingscote and then as Mrs. Charles Buller, it would be a mistake for her to seek for any recognition on their part. So, with an altogether remarkable cleverness, she induced Lord Marcus to take a quite small and inexpensive place in the country known as Bishopsgate, near Enfield Green, in Surrey, and started breeding prize cats, rare Persians, Angoras, and felines of every other sort of high degree and illustrious lineage. She was very successful and was encouraged thereby to get some of her own friends and those of her husband to organize an exhibition of prize cats in London. Nobody had ever dreamed of anything of the kind. There had been dog shows and horse shows, poultry shows and cattle shows galore, but never a cat show. The cats exhibited at this show were real beauties. The cat exhibition was the success of the season. Everybody wanted to see the prizecats and to buy them. The cat show of Lady Marcus at Bishopsgate became celebrated almost overnight. The demand for kittens necessitated the enlargement of the establishment until it was nearly tenfold its former size. Kittens were taken for annual cat shows in London and in the leading cities of the United Kingdom, and last but not least a National Cat Association was formed.

Cleverly Declines Office.

Lady Marcus, very cleverly again, declined the presidency of the organization or even any of the vice-presidencies, contenting herself with the unassuming role of honorary secretary. She was, however, the moving spirit of the whole affair and its executive, and her tactful and unobtrusive ways won the good will and the friendship of all cat lovers. Women who would have hesitated to meet her as a cat mother, while the fund of cat stories in the divorce court considered it perfectly natural and normal to embark upon intimate friendship with her on the ground of their common interest in cats. They became her champions. The very manner in which she held back rendered them still more anxious to befriend her, and so cleverly and tactfully did she steer her course that to-day, forced into the office as president of the National Cat Club, she has recovered entirely that place in society which was hers by birth and by her first marriage. True, she does not go to Court. But she enjoys the companionship of several of the ladies of the reigning house, who have not hesitated to visit her catteries and to take tea with her.

The catteries at Bishopsgate proved a profitable venture, too, in a pecuniary sense. They did not bring a fortune, but at least they served to provide a comfortable income for Lady Marcus and for her husband. His half American nephew and ward, young Bill Beresford, spent all his school holidays there. He found in Lady Marcus the affection and the maternal care that he had lost in the death of his American mother, while the fund of cat stories, the stock of experiences of his Uncle Markie were a source of inexhaustible interest to the lad. He paid both uncle and aunt with the utmost devotion. His entire life was bound up in them and to-day they are by means of the touching expression of love and gratitude contained in his will, the possessors of the entire fortune, amounting in a round sum to \$5,000,000, amassed for him by his American mother, the former Mrs. Louis Hamersley of New York.

Charlie Buller's marriage to Lou Kingscote was followed a few months later by his bankruptcy and the consequent loss of his commission in the army. Ere long, his creditors rendered London too hot to hold him and he migrated with his wife to Paris, where for several years the couple led a sort of hand to mouth existence, particularly cruel for her, a woman of rare beauty, charm and refinement—the more cruel by reason of the increasing discredit of her husband, who subsisted almost entirely on loans that were never repaid and upon money which he was able to pick up on the racecourse or at cards. King Edward, then Prince of Wales, who had been a friend of old Gen. Ridley and who had known Louise and her brothers and her sister Alice since their childhood,

Lord Marcus, being a younger son of a rather numerous family, never had enough money to have a racing stable of his own. The entire fortune of his family were bound up in his chestnut, his eldest brother, the late Marquis of Waterford, grandfather of the present schoolboy peer and owner of the Beresford ancestral home of Curraghmore in County Waterford.

His brother Charles, the Admiral, married an heiress in the person of Miss, daughter of the late Richard Gardner, M. P. for Leicester, while his brother Bill, otherwise Lord William Beresford, married money as well as beauty in the Hamersley Dowager Duchess of Marlborough. The youngest brother, Lord Delevale Beresford, after making his home during many years in the Province of Sonora, Mexico, was killed in a railroad accident in Canada in 1906. He left a considerable fortune, concerning which there was a good deal of litigation after his death, owing to the claims of an alleged wife. But the fortune had been of his own making in raising cattle for the market.

Lord Marcus, alone of the Beresford brothers, never had any money to speak of, was frequently in financial straits, and when at length he did marry, in 1895, it was not to an heiress or to a wealthy widow, but to a very fascinating divorcee who was quite as impetuous as himself—indeed, even more so.

Lady Marcus is a daughter of Gen. Charles Ridley, C. B., of the family of which the Viscount Ridley is the chief, and was celebrated for her striking beauty. She married in 1870 Col.

Energy Released in Combustion

A CHUNK of coal releases, during combustion, enough energy to lift itself about 2,000 miles, or say from New York to Panama, vertically upward against constant sea level gravitation.

A chunk of hydrogen, our most energetic combustible, releases in combustion an amount of energy capable of lifting itself about four times as far, or to a vertical distance (against sea level gravitation) roughly equal

to the distance from New York to Manila.

But a chunk of radium emanates yield without any consumption of amount of energy in the process of its evolution that would lift it against sea level gravitation not only to the sun, but to the orbit of the planet Neptune, the outside fencepost of the solar system, and which is about thirty times further from the sun than the earth is.

The Knuckles as a Calendar

MOST persons remember the number of days in any particular month by recalling the rhymes they learned in childhood. Another method is practised in Ireland, and it is so simple and ingenious as to be worth knowing.

Shut the fist and let the knuckle of the forefinger represent January with its thirty-one days, and the depression between that and the next

knuckle will represent February with its smaller number of days. And thus every month that corresponds to a knuckle will be found to contain thirty-one days, and every month that corresponds to a depression a smaller number of days.

The little finger knuckle will represent July; begin again with the ring finger knuckle, which stands for August, and from this on count the months of the year.